



GOLDEN LAD

JULY
TEN CENTS
NO. 1
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plus
THE KID WIZARDS
SWIFTARROW
AIR ROVER
and



SANDUSKY GOOD THE
SENATOR

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GOLDEN LAD

AN INCREDIBLE HERITAGE FROM THE BLOOD AND THUNDER DAYS OF OLD MEXICO, WHEN SPANISH CONQUISTADORS WARRIED UPON THE AZTEC INDIANS BRINGS TO ORPHANED **TOMMY PRESTON INVINCIBLE, SUPERHUMAN POWER!** ...BUT IT MUST BE USED ONLY IN THE FIGHT AGAINST EVIL! THE AMAZING POWER IS CONTAINED IN A LITTLE **GOLDEN HEART...** FASHIONED FROM MOLTEN METAL UNDER STRANGE CIRCUMSTANCES MORE THAN 400 YEARS AGO BY... BUT READ ON... AND LEARN ABOUT...

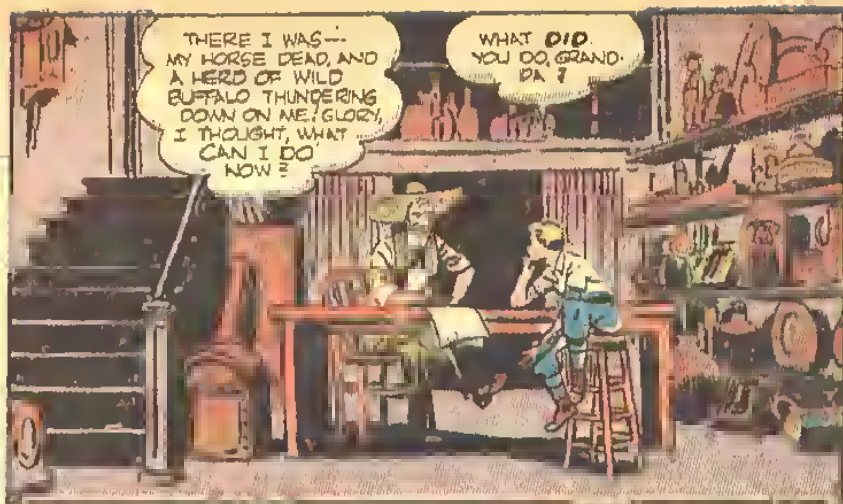
"The HEART of GOLD!"

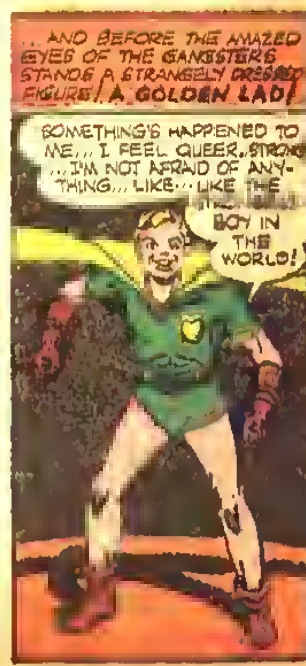
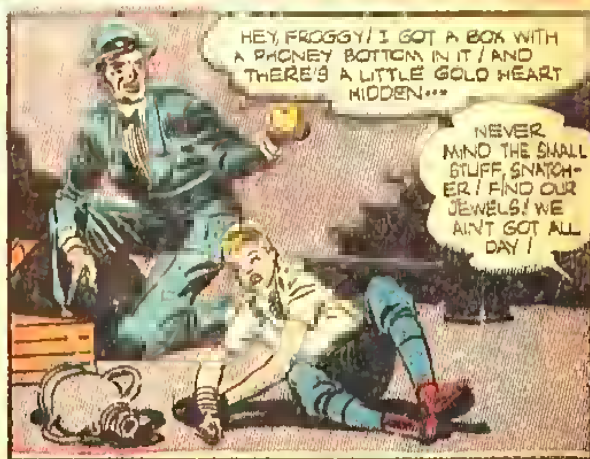
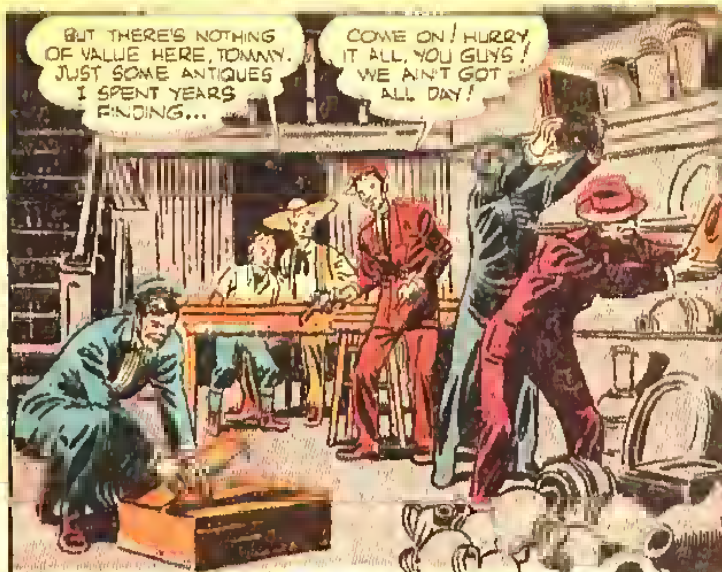


MORTON
MESKIN

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ONE DAY, IN THE
DUSTY ANTIQUE SHOP
WHERE THEY LIVE,
ORPHANED
TOMMY
PRESTON
IS LISTENING TO
HIS GRANDFATHER,
SPIN A YARN OF
THE OLD
WEST...





Yed...
BY
HOLDING IN
HIS HAND THE
MYSTERIOUS
LITTLE
GOLDEN
HEART,
TOMMY PRESTON
IS TRANSFORMED
INTO
GOLDEN
LAD!



WHAT GOES
ON HERE?
WHERE'D
THIS KID
COME
FROM?

I DON'T LIKE THIS,
BOSS! LET'S GET
OUTA HERE!

WE AIN'T GETTING OUTA
HERE WITHOUT THE STUFF!
GIVE THIS KID THE WORKS!
BLAST HIM!

BANG
BANG!

DON'T
HARM THIS BOY!
I'LL ...

THE BULLETS! THEY'RE
... THEY'RE BOUNCING
OFFA HIM!

OUTA THE WAY, OLD
MAN! I'M GETTING
OUTA HERE!

AND SO ARE
YOUR MEN,
FROGGY!

AFTER THE GANGSTERS HAD
FLED...

ARE YOU HURT
GRANDPA?

NO, LAD ... YOU CAME
JUST IN TIME
... BUT WHERE
DID MY GRAND-
SON TOMMY
GO?

STRANGE
... HE DOESN'T
RECOGNIZE
ME!

TOMMY WAS
STANDING RIGHT
HERE! SUDDENLY
THERE WAS A
FLASH OF LIGHT
-- AND I WAS
ALMOST BLINDED!
AND TOMMY
WASN'T THERE
ANY MORE!

SO THAT'S
WHAT HAS
HAPPENED! I'LL
HAVE TO FIND
OUT MORE
ABOUT THIS!



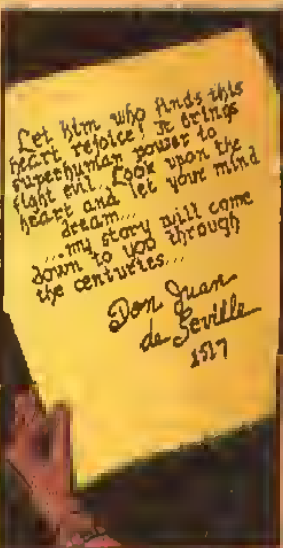
I THINK TOMMY RAN INTO THE BACK ... WHY DON'T YOU GO AND TAKE A LOOK?

POOR BOY... HE MUST HAVE BEEN FRIGHTENED BY THE STRANGE LIGHTS AND SHOOTING! I'LL LOOK FOR HIM...



When THE OLD MAN LEAVES...

THE ANSWER TO WHAT HAPPENED TO ME MAY BE IN THIS BOX... HMM... HERE'S A SCROLL. LET'S SEE WHAT IT SAYS.



Let him who finds this heart rejoice! It brings superhuman power to fight evil. Look upon the heart and dream... my story will come down to you through the centuries...

Don Juan de Sevilla 1517



And GOLDEN LAD STARES INTO THE HEART...

I'M BEGINNING TO SEE SOMETHING... A SPANISH SETTLEMENT ... THERE'S SMOKE... AND A CAULDRON WITH SOMETHING BUBBLING IN IT...



BUT THROWING THESE INDIANS INTO THE BOILING GOLD IS BARBARISM! THEY ONLY WANTED TO BE FREE--

BE STILL, DE SEVILLE! WOULD YOU JOIN THEM IN THE CAULDRON?



THEY'VE JUST PITCHED ANOTHER ONE INTO THE CAULDRON! I CAN NOT BE A PARTY TO THIS SLAUGHTER!



Late THAT SAME NIGHT...

I'LL BRING SOME OF THIS GOLD TO THE AZTECS AS A PEACE OFFERING. IT'LL SHOW THEM THAT NOT ALL OF US ARE SAVAGES... GREEDY AND READY TO KILL FOR GOLD!

CARRYING THE GOLD, DE SEVILLE SLIPS THROUGH THE SPANISH LINES... BUT A SENTRY SEES HIM--

HALT!
WHO GOES
THERE?

AAH! GOT TO MAKE
...THE INDIAN...
CAMP... GOT
TO...

ALMOST DEAD FROM LOSS OF
BLOOD, THE GALLANT DE SEVILLE
STAGGERS INTO THE AZTEC CAMP...

HERE IS
SOME GOLD
FROM THE
CAULDRON IN
WHICH YOUR
PEOPLE WERE
KILLED...

THIS ONE
IS NOT LIKE
THE OTHERS!
HE IS A GOOD
MAN!

BANG

MY PEOPLE HAVE MADE A HEART
OF GOLD FOR YOU. IT HAS GREAT
MAGIC POWER AND FROM THIS
DAY ON, YOU WILL BE
STRONGER AND WISER
THAN ANY MAN IN THE
WORLD...

TOO LATE FOR
ME... I AM DYING... BUT
GIVE ME A SCROLL SO
THAT I CAN LEAVE
A MESSAGE...

SOMEONE THERE
WILL BE ANOTHER WHO
WILL WEAR THIS **GOLDEN**
HEART OVER HIS OWN
HEART AS A SHIELD
AGAINST EVIL...
AAAAH!

THE SCENE FADES OUT... AND GOLDEN LAD IS BACK IN HIS
GRANDFATHER'S ANTIQUE SHOP...

SO THAT'S WHERE THIS
SUPER-POWER COMES FROM.
YES... I'LL USE IT THE WAY
THOSE AZTECS WANTED IT
TO BE USED--FOR DOING
GOOD! NOW, **HEART**,
CHANGE ME BACK
TO PLAIN TOMMY
PRESTON!



IN AN INSTANT-- TOMMY PRESTON STANDS IN THE PLACE OF GOLDEN LAD!



I CAN'T FIND--OH! THERE YOU ARE, TOMMY! SAY, WHERE'S THAT LAD IN UNIFORM...

I DIDN'T SEE ANY-- ONE, GRANDPA!

DIDN'T SEE THAT GOLDEN LAD, EH? WELL, NOW... YOU DON'T SEE HOW I CHASED OFF THOSE CROOKS, EITHER...

NO, GRANDPA-- BUT, WHERE DID YOU GET THESE ANTIQUES?



BOUGHT THEM FROM THE WIDOW OF MY OLD PAL WILD WILLY WINTERS... HE USED TO BUY UP ODD THINGS ALL OVER THE WORLD...

BUT WHY SHOULD THE CROOKS BE INTERESTED IN THAT OLD JUNK?



COME TO THINK OF IT, MRS. WINTERS USED TO RUN A BOARDING HOUSE UNTIL THE POLICE NABBED SOME CROOKS LIVING IN HER HOUSE... JEWEL THIEVES, THEY WERE...

DID THE POLICE GET THE LOOT?



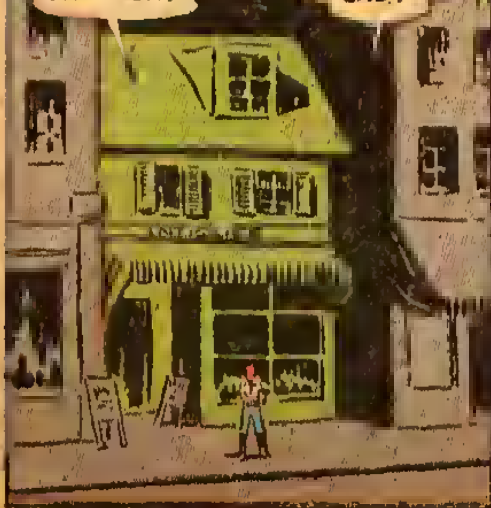
NOPE--NEVER DID FIND THE JEWELS! SAY--MAYBE THEY HID THEM IN MRS. WINTERS' HOUSE AND--WAIT--WHERE ARE YOU GOING, TOMMY?

MRS. WINTERS IS IN GREAT DANGER, GRANDPA! THE CROOKS PROBABLY THINK SHE FOUND THE JEWELS! THEY'LL TRY TO MAKE HER TALK!



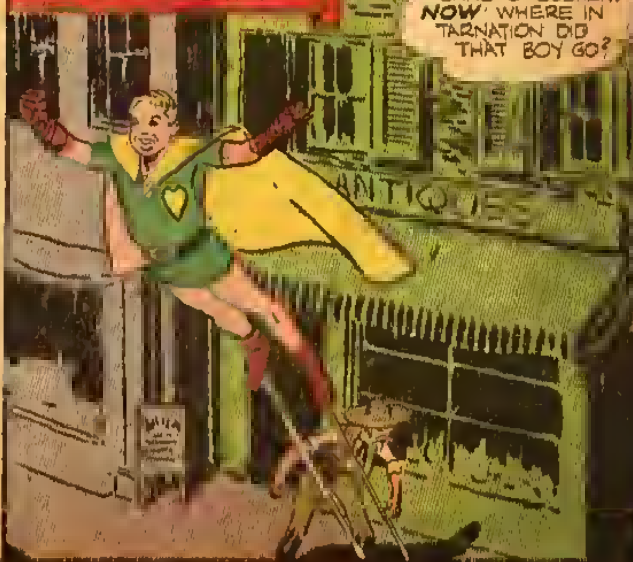
THOSE CROOKS MAY BE TORTURING POOR MRS. WINTERS RIGHT NOW!

HEART OF GOLD-- MAKE ME GOLDEN LAD!



A FEW SECONDS LATER...

LAND O' GOSHEN! NOW WHERE IN TARNATION DID THAT BOY GO?

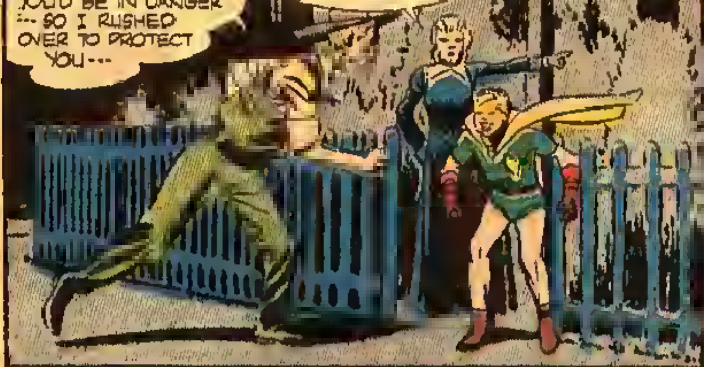




ALL THE GANGSTERS' CAR SPEEDS AWAY...

GLORY! I'M GLAD I'M HERE IN TIME, MRS. WINTERS! MY GRANDSON TOMMY THOUGHT YOU'D BE IN DANGER... SO I RUSHED OVER TO PROTECT YOU...

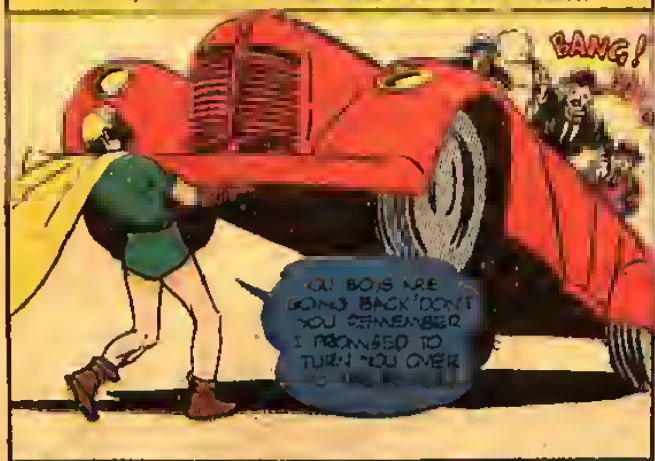
THE CROOKS HAVE GONE; MR. PRESTON... TOO LATE TO CATCH THEM!



IT'S NOT TOO LATE! I'LL BRING THEM RIGHT BACK HERE! CALL THE POLICE IN THE MEAN-TIME!



SNIFTLY, GOLDEN LAD OVERTAKES THE RUNAWAY CAR...



ALL RIGHT GRANDPA! TURN THEM OVER TO THE POLICE!



Later, IN THE OLD ANTIQUE SHOP...

HELLO, GRANDPA! WHERE WERE YOU?

WHERE WAS I? HAVEN'T YOU BEEN LISTENING TO THE RADIO? ALL ABOUT HOW I CAPTURED FROGGY'S GANG... HANDLED?



THERE I WAS... ALONE... UNARMED! AND SIX GUN-MEN COMING AT ME... GUNS BLAZING... BULLETS FLYING... GLORY, I THOUGHT... WHAT CAN I DO?

GEE, GRANDPA... I KNOW... YOU CAPTURED THEM!



SANDUSKY and the SENATOR



by
IRV TIRMAN

ABOARD
A TRAIN
SPEEDING
ACROSS THE
GREAT OPEN
SPACES
OF THE
WEST—

MY DEAR MR.
SANDUSKY! YOUR
INVENTION IS
THE GREATEST
BOON SINCE THE
FREE LUNCH
COUNTER!

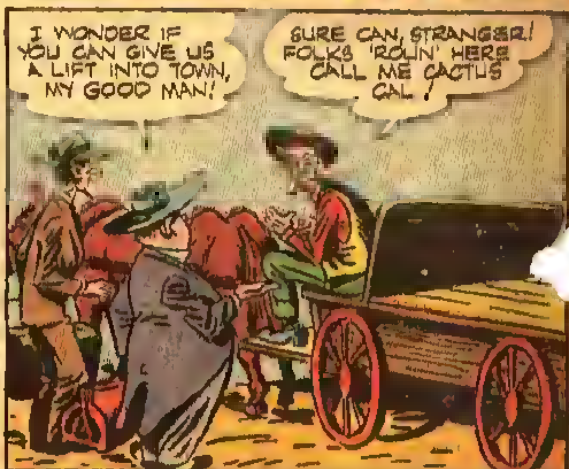
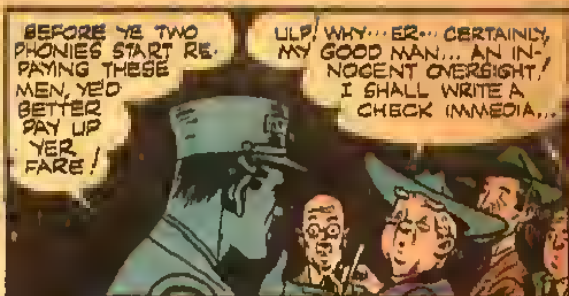
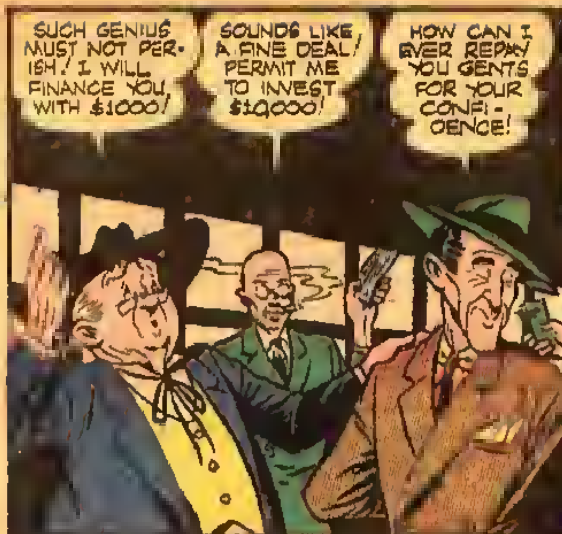
AMAZ-
ING!

THANK YOU, BENA-
TOR! OBSERVE,
GENTLEMEN, THE
EASE WITH WHICH
I PRODUCE A
TEN DOLLAR
BILL!

AS A RENOWNED
PUBLIC SERVANT,
I CAN VOUCH FOR
THE FACT THAT
THIS IS A GENUINE
\$10 BILL!

PRECISELY!
WITH A LITTLE
MONEY I CAN
START MANU-
FACTURING
THESE
MACHINES!







MY NAME IS SANDUSKY SCHOONER AND THIS IS...

SANDUSKY, TO WHOM ARE YOU TALKING?

THE HORSE?

TO THE HORSE, OF COURSE!

OH!



TALENT, SUCH AS CAL'S, COULD BE CONVERTED INTO SOME MUCH-NEEDED CAPITAL... DO YOU FOLLOW ME?

I AM WITH YOU ALL THE WAY, SENATOR... AND I GOT A PLAN! LISTEN!... BZZZ-2-2

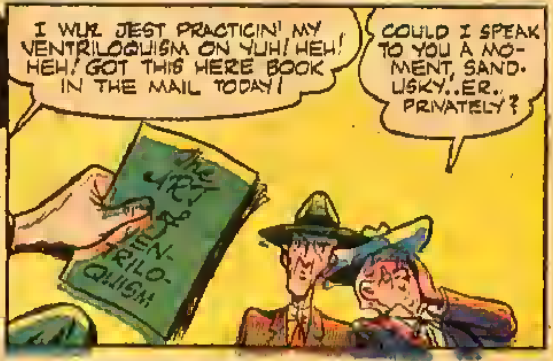
And so, A PLAN IS HATCHED...



I'M GETTIN' OUTA HERE!

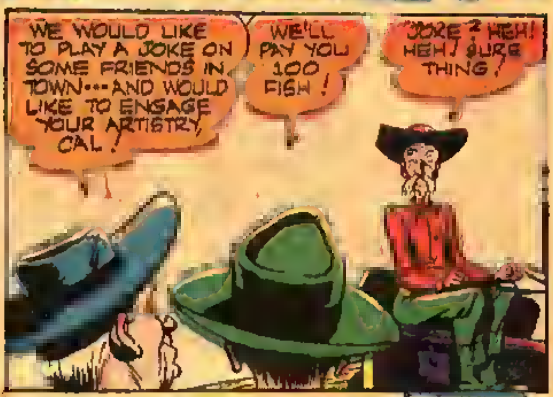
WAIT FOR ME!

HEY, FELLERS, COME BACK! I WAS JES' PLAYIN' A JOKE ON YUH!



I WUL JEST PRACTICIN' MY VENTRILOQUISM ON YUH! HEH! HEH! GOT THIS HERE BOOK IN THE MAIL TODAY!

COULD I SPEAK TO YOU A MOMENT, SANDUSKY...ER... PRIVATELY?



WE WOULD LIKE TO PLAY A JOKE ON SOME FRIENDS IN TOWN...AND WOULD LIKE TO ENGAGE YOUR ARTISTRY, CAL.

WE'LL PAY YOU 300 FISH!

JOKE? HEH! HEH! SURE THING!



Later, IN TOWN...

AND SO, GENTLEMEN, THERE THEY WERE, ALL AROUND ME / PURE GOLD NUGGETS!

A CUTE IDEA... PUTTIN' THEM DIRT ROCKS IN THE VALISE!



SHUCKS, SENATOR...YUH CAIN'T EXPECT US T' BELIEVE THAT YARN! EVEN IF YUH SHAKE THAT BAG OF NUGGETS!

IT DOESN'T MATTER, GENTLEMEN... I'M NOT SELLING ANYTHING!

ANYWAY, THIS FINE HORSE CAN VOUCH FOR WHAT I SAY!

HAW! HAW! NOW YER GONNA TELL US YER HOBBS KIN TALK!



YUH SHORE ARE WRONG, POONER! I SEEN THE GOLD WITH MY OWN EYES! RECKON THE SENATOR'S MADE HISSELF A STRIKE!

GOLD! WELL, WHADAYA KNOW! WHERE IS IT, SENATOR?



I CANNOT DIVULGE ANY INFORMATION AS TO ITS WHEREABOUTS, AT THE MOMENT!

YUH'LL NEED LOTS OF MONEY TO WORK THE CLAIM, SENATOR!



HOW ABOUT SELLIN' US A PARTNER-SHIP?

I APPRECIATE YOUR INTEREST, GENTLEMEN! BUT I HAVE MORE THAN ENOUGH CAPITAL TO FINANCE THE VENTURE!



SHUCKS! AH SHORE WOULD PAY WELL TO FIND OUT WHAR THAT THAR GOLD IS!

IT IS MY OPINION, FRIEND, THAT IN THIS I CAN HELP YOU!



YUH KNOW WHAR THAT GOLD IS, STRANGER?

NO! BUT I KNOW HOW TO FIND OUT! COME OVER HERE AND I'LL TELL YOU...



YOU HEARD THE HORSE TALK! WELL, MCTAVISH AND I USED TO DO A VALUABLE ACT TOGETHER! (SOB!) NOW HE'S TOO OLD TO GET ANY BOOK-



I RENTED HIM TO THE SENATOR, WHEN HE WENT PROSPECTING! IF YOU GENTS CAN PROVIDE A GOOD HOME FOR MCTAVISH (SNIFF) I'LL LET YOU HAVE HIM FOR A FEW GRAND!

WE'LL GIVE YOU \$5000 FER TH' HOSS, STRANGER, COME OVER TO THE BANK AND WE CAN CLOSE THE DEAL!



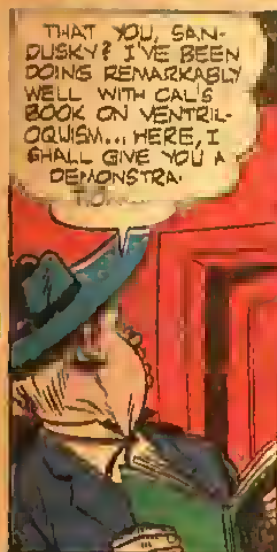
HERE Y'ARE, STRANGER! \$5000 IN CASH!

GOODBYE, OL' PAL! (SNIFF! SNIFF!) IT WAS THIS OR THE GLUE FACTORY!



GOTTA FIND THE SENATOR AND TAKE A FAST POWDER OUTA HERE! OH! OH! HERE COMES CAL!

NICE HOSSY! SAY SOMETHIN'!



SWIFTARROW

STORY
LARRY
TEENINGS
PERRY
WILLIAMS

OUT OF THE DEADLY CRUSADE
AGAINST CRIME WAGED BY *Jon Dart*
EDITOR OF THE WEEKLY STAR --
SPRINGS A STRANGE AND MYSTERIOUS
CHAMPION OF JUSTICE! POWERFUL AS
A JUGGERNAUT -- SWIFT AND SURE AS AN
ARROW, THE FIGHTER AGAINST EVIL CALLS HIMSELF
SWIFTARROW, AND BRINGS QUICK VENGEANCE TO THE
CRIMINALS WHO CALLED THEMSELVES "GHOSTLY KILLERS!"

A NOTORIOUS UNDERWORLD GUN-MAN COMES TO THE
OFFICE OF THE WEEKLY STAR....

I'M LOOKING FOR A GUY NAMED JON
DART...ON ACCOUNT I'M SCARED, AND
WANT TO CONFESS TO A KILLING I
DONE!

I'M EDITOR,
JON DART,
WHAT'S THIS
MURDER CONFESSION
ABOUT?

I WAS HIRED TO KILL
THOMAS FINCHLEY - AND
I DONE IT. ONLY - ONLY
DA GUY HAS COME BACK
TO LIFE, OR MAYBE
I'M GOING CRAZY!

YOU MEAN THOMAS
FINCHLEY - THE
MILLIONAIRE
MISER? BUT THE
PRESS RECEIVED NO
NOTICE OF HIS DEATH!

ALL RIGHT, LET'S HAVE YOUR STORY. WHY DO YOU WANT TO CONFESS TO KILLING A MAN WHO ISN'T DEAD?

I GOTTA GET THIS OFF MY CHEST! A COUPLE OF WEEKS AGO...



...A MAN CAME TO SEE ME AT ONE OF THE JOINTS WHERE I HANG OUT...4

I'LL GIVE YOU A THOUSAND DOLLARS IF YOU KILL THOMAS FINCHLEY. HERE'S FIVE HUNDRED NOW-THE REST WHEN THE JOB IS DONE!

THIS FINCHLEY GUY IS AS GOOD AS DEAD, MISTER!



...SO I HUNG AROUND THIS FINCHLEY GUY'S JOINT UNTIL ONE NIGHT...

I GOT A COUPLE OF LEAD PRESENTS FOR YA, BUD!

AAAAH!!



...I KNOCKED HIM OFF ALL RIGHT, MR. DART. BUT A COUPLE OF WEEKS LATER-

YOU! YOU'RE THE GUY I BUMPED OFF! I-I GUESS I'M SEEING THINGS! YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE DEAD!

I'M AFRAID YOU'VE MADE A SLIGHT MISTAKE SLUG! I NEVER SAW YOU BEFORE IN MY LIFE!



THE GUY SAYS HE AIN'T NEVER SEEN ME BEFORE... BUT HE CALLS ME BY MY OWN NAME! I'M HAUNTED, MR. DART! I'LL GIVE MYSELF UP, I'LL DO ANYTHING!

TELL ME THE NAME OF THE MAN WHO HIRED YOU TO KILL FINCHLEY!



THE GUY WHO HIRED ME IS-- WHA... AAAAAM!

THE SHOT CAME FROM THE HALLWAY!



BUT AS JON DASHES TO THE DOORWAY....

HEY! THIS IS IMPOSSIBLE! THE KILLER COULDN'T HAVE GOTTEN FAR! BUT THERE'S NO ONE HERE! PERHAPS THAT BOY SAW HIM!

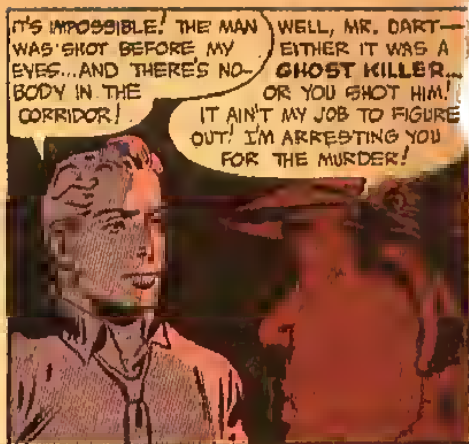




WHEN THE POLICE ARRIVED...

THIS MAN WAS SHOT FROM THE DOORWAY... BUT WHEN I RAN TO IT, NO ONE WAS THERE, OR IN THE CORRIDOR! I DON'T UNDERSTAND IT! PERHAPS THIS BOY SAW SOME ONE...

NO, SIR! NOBODY WAS IN THE CORRIDOR WHEN I HEARD THE SHOT!



IT'S IMPOSSIBLE! THE MAN WAS SHOT BEFORE MY EYES... AND THERE'S NOBODY IN THE CORRIDOR!

WELL, MR. DART— EITHER IT WAS A GHOST KILLER... OR YOU SHOT HIM! IT AIN'T MY JOB TO FIGURE OUT! I'M ARRESTING YOU FOR THE MURDER!



WHERE YOU LIVE, SONNY? WE'LL WANT YOU AS A WITNESS...

I LIVE WITH MR. FINCHLEY! I'M HIS ADOPTED SON.

FINCHLEY'S ADOPTED SON, I WONDER!



HERE'S THE POLICE CAR. I'LL HAVE TO TAKE YOU TO HEAD-QUARTERS, MR. DART. SORRY, BUT—

I'LL NEVER CLEAR MYSELF IF I'M LOCKED UP IN A CELL! HAVE TO TAKE MATTERS INTO MY OWN HANDS!



SWIFT ACTION ENSUES!

HEY! DON'T DO NOTHING FOOLISH, MR. DA---

SORRY I HAVE TO BE ROUGH, OFFICER— BUT MY LIFE IS AT STAKE!

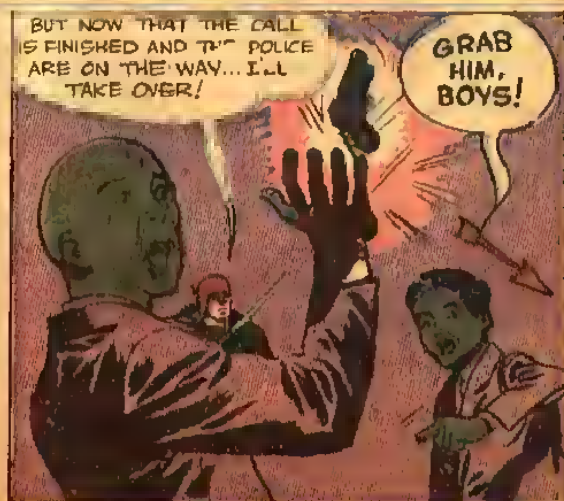
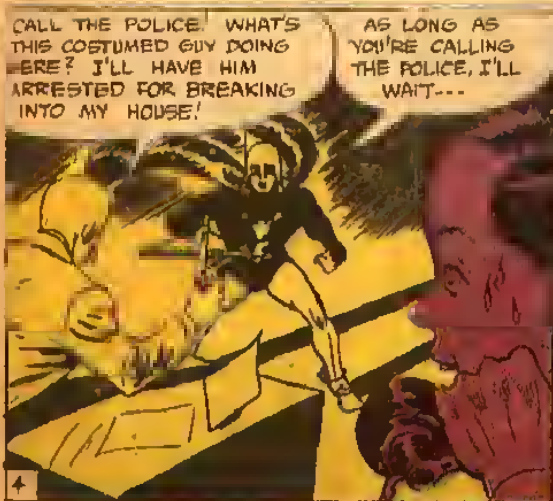
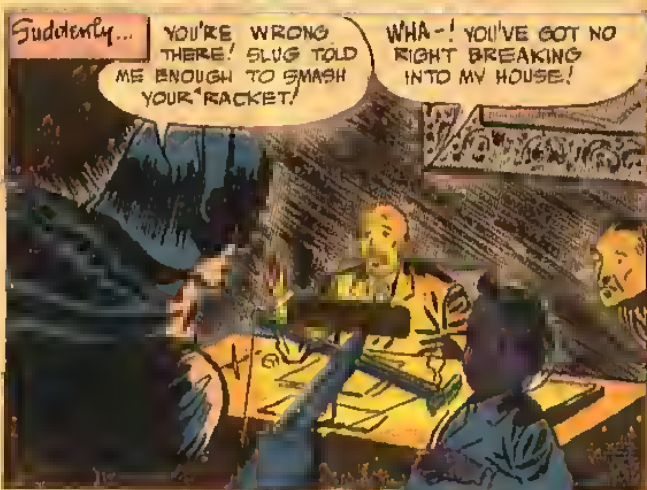
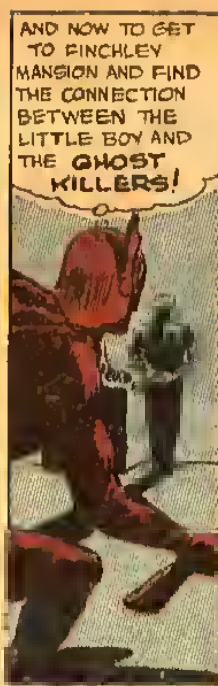


THE MUSEUM! I CAN GIVE THEM THE SLIP IN THERE.

SURROUND THE MUSEUM! DON'T LET HIM GET AWAY!



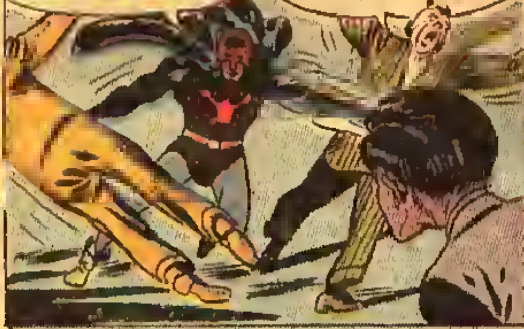
THE POLICE WILL BE ON THE LOOKOUT FOR ME AS JON DART. I WONDER IF I CAN'T FIT MYSELF OUT A DISGUISE... YES, THAT'S JUST WHAT I'M GOING TO DO!



WITH THE BLINDING SPEED OF HIS DEADLY ARROWS, **SWIFTARROW** SWINGS INTO ACTION!

THE GAME IS UP...AND WHEN I FIRE AWAY I HIT THE MARK!

HEY-THIS GUY'S LIKE GREASED LIGHTNING, WHA-WHAT HIT ME?



YOU CALLED THE COPS...AND YOU'RE GOING TO FACE THEM WHEN THEY GET HERE!

HEY! YOU CAN'T DO THIS TO ME! I'VE GOT MILLIONS! I'LL HAVE YOU ARRESTED FOR ASSAULT, I'LL OUCH!



AFTER THE POLICE ARRIVE....

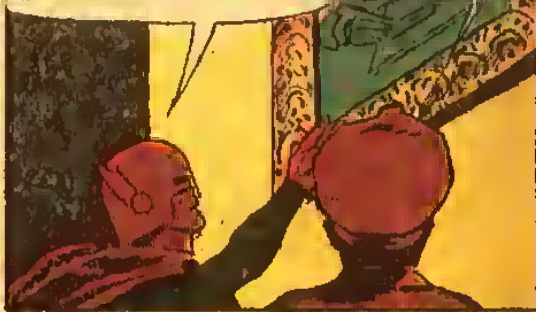
JON DART IS INNOCENT. THIS MIDSET-DRESSED AS A LITTLE BOY, KILLED SLUG AND THEN SWORE NO ONE ENTERED DARTS OFFICE. HE DID IT TO COVER THE MURDER OF THOMAS FINCHLEY.

BUT THIS IS MR. FINCHLEY!



NO, THIS MAN IS MADE UP TO LOOK LIKE FINCHLEY! HE HELD A GUN IN HIS **RIGHT** HAND! BUT THIS PORTRAIT SHOWS THAT FINCHLEY WAS **LEFT**-HANDED. YOU'LL FIND FINCHLEY'S BODY BURIED SOMEWHERE ON THE GROUNDS OF THIS HOUSE!

WELL, I'LL BE JIGGER-BUGGED!



SOME DAYS LATER IN THE OFFICE OF THE WEEKLY

WELL, LUCKY FOR YOU, MR. DART. THIS COSTUMED GUY WAS A HUNDRED PERCENT RIGHT ABOUT THE FINCHLEY CASE? WONDER WHAT HE CALLS HIMSELF...

I'M WRITING UP THE STORY FOR MY PAPER, OFFICER. HIS NAME IS **SWIFTARROW**... AND HE HAS SET OUT IN A CRUSADE TO SMASH ALL CRIME!



HMM, **SWIFTARROW**! THAT'S A NEAT NAME! BUT I WONDER WHO HE REALLY IS?

I'VE GOT A FEELING THAT WE'LL BE HEARING A LOT ABOUT HIM IN THE FUTURE..



AND, I WONDER WHO HE REALLY IS, TOO!



THE LITTLE GIRL WHO WASN'T THERE

By VERA CERUTTI

THE TWO MEN in olive drab pushed through the revolving door into the crowded store.

"Whew! We shoulda stood in bed!" said Bob eyeing the jostling shoppers. "Why couldn't you buy your wife a present near the camp?"

Slim chuckled. "She's mighty fussy about Christmas presents. Say, Bob, ask that dame the way to the perfume counter."

Bob moved toward the information booth. He'd grab himself some information, too, on women's gloves—for his mother. There was no wife to complicate things for him—not even a sweetheart. He had never even had a girl friend. Girls made him self-conscious.

A little later they were standing beside the perfume counter and a bewildering array of bottles.

"Hello," called Slim to the salesgirl. "How about a bottle of 'Sweet Sin'?"

"Someone's lucky," she replied, smiling. Bob noticed that she was pretty. "Here it is—the last bottle in the store."

"You practically saved his life!" Bob cut in. "His wife would have had his scalp if he didn't get it."

Bob felt pleased. He couldn't even remember speaking to a girl with such ease. He looked at the girl and knew that somehow she was responsible for it. It wasn't just her prettiness. There were other things... the friendly twinkle in her blue eyes, the verve in her every movement, her sparkle.

"How's the perfume busi-

ness?" he ventured. "I guess they keep you pretty busy."

"We are pretty much on the jump right now," she said, "but it's only the holiday rush."

"I suppose half your customers are men buying perfume for their wives."

She nodded. "Or their girl friends."

"Yes—of course," Bob agreed, suddenly feeling clumsy. "I—I suppose your boy friend will be giving you your favorite perfume."

"In case you're fishing, Mr. G," she answered, with a flip of her bobbed head, "the man I love has not entered my life... yet."

She began wrapping Slim's package.

"Excuse me for butting in," Slim addressed Bob in mock apology. "but this is the first time I've caught you practically holding hands with another girl. And it's no fair, my boy."

BOB HAD JUST been thinking how nice it would be to have her for his girl friend, when Slim's words brought him back to earth. He had been caught off-guard. Now he would have to recover without a tumble.

"Don't mind him," Bob jested with all the nonchalance he could muster. "He's only a married man."

"Well, I like that!" spluttered Slim, thumping Bob's broad back. "What makes you think you're in a special class? You're engaged, aren't you, you big menace!"

Now, Bob saw, he had gotten himself into a real jam.

This would happen to him—just when he met a girl who was different. Slim had sensed that he liked her and he probably considered him a two-timing heel. There was only one way to square himself—by telling Slim the whole truth. Yet he couldn't do that. It would be sure to get back to camp.

The whole mess had started a few months back when the fellows began arranging dates for him. He hadn't liked the idea. At first he had begged off by saying he was engaged. But he soon discovered he had to fill in details to satisfy their friendly curiosity about his girl. He invented a description of her, her house, her family. He even provided the little girl who wasn't there with a name—Betty Bradford. Now the gang felt they really knew her—and they liked her.

"You just watch out for this here wolf, Miss," said Slim, looking at Bob slantwise.

BOB CAUGHT her swift glance. He knew that she was aware of his embarrassment. For a moment he was speechless.

"By the way, you snake-in-the-grass," continued Slim, poking at Bob's ribs, "it's time you decided what you're going to get Betty for Christmas. You've been stalling for weeks."

"I—er—I have decided," floundered Bob, trying to keep his voice level. "It's going to be perfume."

"What kind does she usually like?" the girl asked.

Bob glanced quickly at the

bottles on the shelf behind her.

"Well," he considered, "last year I gave her 'Ecstasy', but she never even used it."

"I don't like it myself," the girl said, a twinkle in her eye. "Perhaps I can help you make a better selection."

"Thanks," Bob murmured.

"What is she like? We've got to find the scent that matches her personality."

Bob did some fast thinking. "She's kind of small—about your size. You might say she's fragile. She's the domestic type, likes to stay at home and stuff."

"She loves sports," Slim helped along. "She's a crack-jack swimmer . . . wins competitions. The Olympic type."

"I see," said the girl thoughtfully. "What's her name? I always ask my customers the name. You couldn't give 'Sultana's Secret' to Mary Jones, any more than you'd give 'Foolish Violet' to Cleopatra."

"Betty Bradford."

"That's odd," mused the girl. "I have a friend named Bradford, too. Where does she live?"

"In Brightwater, Ohio. Just a small town I passed through two years ago."

"Then it is a small world!" the girl exclaimed, her eyes shining. "I know Betty very well! She's one of my best friends!"

BOB WISHED he had never been born. There were millions of names to choose from, and he had to pick Betty Bradford and Brightwater, Ohio!

"What—what do you know!" he stammered. "A—a coincidence if I ever saw one!" He gave a sickly smile.

"And to think you're engaged to her! Wait until Betty finds out it was I who selected her perfume!"

"Yes—of course. But I won't be seeing Betty for Christmas. I'll have to write her all about it in my next letter," Bob whispered hoarsely. "It's a

little stuffy in here, isn't it, Slim?" Turning to the girl behind the counter, he added, "Well, have a nice Christmas." He looked at his watch hurriedly. "Say, Slim, we better be pushing along."

"Hold your horses!" said Slim. "What's your hurry? You two have a lot to talk about."

"Look," said the girl to Bob. "I'm going to spend Christmas week with my aunt in Brightwater. I'll be glad to deliver the perfume to Betty myself."

"That would be fine," said Bob, feeling sick.

"And I've got just the perfume to match Betty's exciting personality—'White Lie'. Here it is, our latest and most exotic scent!"

"It sounds perfect." He looked at his wrist-watch again. "Come on, Slim, we better get a move on."

"I just don't get it," drawled Slim, sounding puzzled. He scratched the back of his huge head. "Why the rush all of a sudden?"

"By the way," the girl said, looking directly into Bob's eyes, "my name's Linda Carroll. I'll be through for the day in twenty minutes. If you could only wait. There must be an awful lot of stuff you'd like me to tell Betty . . . since you won't be seeing her for such a long while."

"I'm afraid we'll have to—" Bob began.

"Sure, we'll wait," Slim interrupted.

"Perhaps you could come over to the house for dinner. Mother would be delighted to meet Betty's boy friend."

"I'd like to," said Bob weakly, "but it happens that I'm tied up at camp."

"Phooey!" interposed Slim. "Don't be a dope! You're not throwing away a talk with Betty's girl friend—and her mother—for a game of poker!"

WALKING HOME with Linda, a half hour later, Bob felt dismayed by his di-

lemma. The thought of being with her was exciting. Yet his heart sank when he realized what he was letting himself in for. Linda and her mother would ask him all kinds of questions about Betty which he wouldn't be able to answer. He would be unmasked as a humbug.

"Oh, I forgot," said Linda, as they were entering her apartment. This is mother's evening at the movies. What a pity!"

Bob thanked his lucky stars: "Too bad," he murmured.

"You sit here for a few minutes, and I'll get dinner," said Linda cheerfully. "Of course I'm not a first-rate cook, like Betty is—but I'll do my best."

It was while they were eating that Linda glanced at him with that wide-eyed, disarming look. "I do hope Betty will be pleased with her perfume," she said.

"I'm sure she will . . . It's called 'White Lie', isn't it? 'White Lie'—" he lingered over the name for a moment. There was an awkward pause. Then, it clicked. He'd make a clean breast of the whole affair. He would tell Linda about his white lie.

"Look here, Linda," he exclaimed. "I've got to tell you the truth. I haven't got a girl. I've never had one. I just made Betty Bradford up—well, because it made things easier with the boys in camp. The joke's on me, I guess."

Linda's eyes were twinkling. "I knew your Betty Bradford wasn't real, Bob."

"You—you knew?"

"Yes, as soon as you said that you sent her 'Ecstasy' last year. It's been on the market for only two months."

"But what about the real Betty Bradford? Were you going to give her my perfume?" ask Bob, bewildered.

"There is no Betty Bradford," Linda replied, blushing slightly. "But don't you think we owe her a vote of thanks just the same?"

The End

AIR ROVER



WHEN JOHNNY GOT HOME FROM THE WAR HE WASN'T SATISFIED TO SIT AROUND. INSTEAD HE RIGGED UP A SPECIAL PLANE AND WENT OUT LOOKING FOR ADVENTURE! HE FOUND IT-- MORE THAN HE BARGAINED FOR WHEN HE WOUND UP IN THE LAND OF THE...

"SWORD WOMEN!"

STORY BY WALTER GARDNER
DRAWINGS BY JAMES DELL.



NOT FAR FROM THE ISLE OF YAP..

BOY, IT'S WONDERFUL TO FLY JUST FOR THE JOY OF ADVENTURE! NO BRIEFING NO ENEMY PLANES ON THE LOOKOUT! NO---OH! OH! NO GAS!

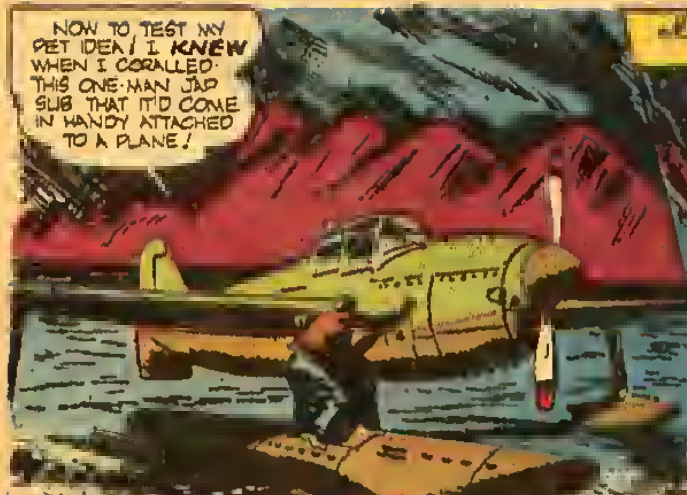


A LONELY ISLAND LAGOON PROVIDES AN EMERGENCY LANDING PLACE...

I COULDN'T HAVE PICKED A MORE DESOLATE SPOT... WELL, JOHNNY HODDER, ME LAD, YOU GOT INTO THIS MESS---NOW LET'S SEE YOU GET OUT OF IT!



NOW TO TEST MY
PET IDEA / I **KNEW**
WHEN I CORALLED
THIS ONE-MAN JAP
SUB THAT IT'D COME
IN HANDY ATTACHED
TO A PLANE!



THE PLANE WITH A SEA-
SERGEANT'S EYES IN HIS PONTON

MY MAP SHOWS NO LAND
WITHIN A THOUSAND MILES!
AND I NEED GAS!



MAYBE I CAN
FIND A HUNK OF
LAND THAT'S
UNCHARTED!



WHAT'S HOLDING
ME BACK? WHY---
IT'S A NET! WHO'D
BE FISHING IN
THESE DESERTED
WATERS?



WOW! LOOK AT
THAT SUB! LOOKS
LIKE KING KONG
OF THE SEAS!



JOHNNY'S SUB, TOGETHER WITH THE FISH,
IS HAILED THROUGH A WEIRD ENTRANCE INTO
A HUGE UNDERSEA CAVERN!

THIS IS FANTASTIC!
OR AM I DREAMING
IT?





HERE'S A PRETTY PRIZE / I NEVER SAW A FISH AS BIG AS THIS BEFORE / COME ON, GIRLS, TAKE A LOOK!



WHAT A HARD SKIN THIS FISH HAS! IT'S BROKEN MY KNIFE!

LOOK! THE FISH MUST HAVE SWALLOWED THE POOR DEAR!



POOR, FRAIL THING?... WHY, THEY'RE TALKING ABOUT ME!

THE POOR FRAIL THING! HOW DID HE EVER SURVIVE THIS? COME ON GIRLS, LET'S HAVE HIM CHECKED OVER TO SEE IF HE'S ALL RIGHT!



AHA! WHAT HAVE WE HERE?

HE WAS SWALLOWED BY A FISH! BUT HE'S BEING AS COURAGEOUS AS A WOMAN ABOUT THE WHOLE THING. SEE IF HE'S ALL RIGHT, DOCTOR!

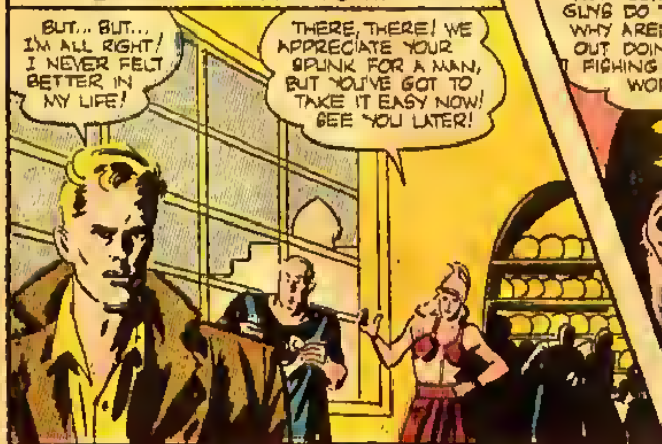


HUMPH... STRONG CONSTITUTION FOR A MAN! HE'LL BE OK. AFTER THE SHOCK WEARS OFF. IN THE MEANTIME, SOME NORMAL LIGHT MALE WORK WON'T HURT HIM!

SEE YOU GOON, YOU PRETTY THING, YOU!

I MUST BE NUTS! WHAT IS THIS?

JOHNNY'S LIGHT MALE WORK!



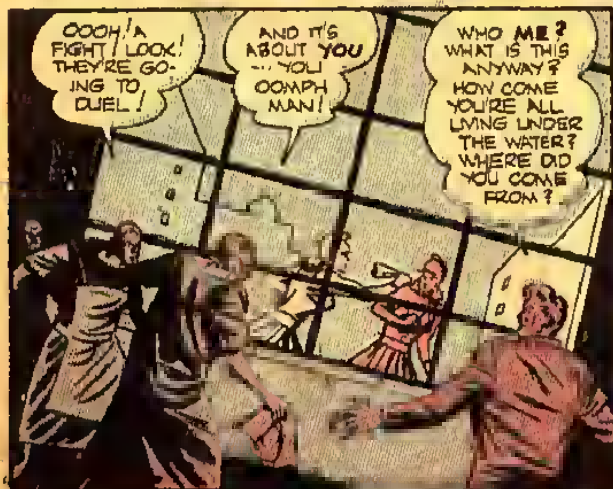
BUT... BUT...
I'M ALL RIGHT!
I NEVER FELT
BETTER IN
MY LIFE!

THERE, THERE! WE
APPRECIATE YOUR
SPUNK FOR A MAN,
BUT YOU'VE GOT TO
TAKE IT EASY NOW!
SEE YOU LATER!

HOW COME YOU
GUYS DO THIS WORK?
WHY AREN'T YOU
OUT DOING THE
FISHING AND OTHER
WORK?

BUT THAT'S **HARD**
WOMAN'S WORK! WE'RE
NOT FITTED FOR THAT!

NOW YOU
JUST RELAX AND
DRY A FEW
DISHES. YOU'LL
FEEL BETTER.



OOOH! A
FIGHT! LOOK!
THEY'RE GO-
ING TO DUEL!

AND IT'S
ABOUT YOU
...YOU
OOMPH
MAN!

WHO ME?
WHAT IS THIS
ANYWAY?
HOW COME
YOU'RE ALL
LIVING UNDER
THE WATER?
WHERE DID
YOU COME
FROM?



THAT'S THE
ONLY WAY THERE
IS TO LIVE!
AND WE ALWAYS
LIVED HERE!

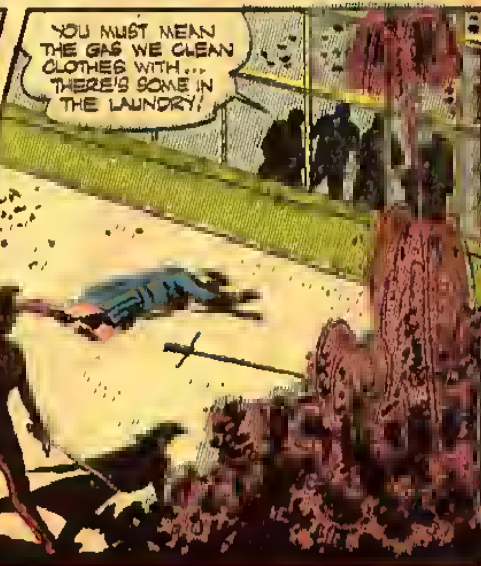
GUESS THEY
DON'T KNOW
ABOUT THE
UPPER WORLD!
PECULIAR...

WONDER
IF THE
WINNER GETS
ME?



GULP! THAT WAS
A FAST FIGHT...NOW
TO CLEAR OUT OF
HERE--AND QUICK!
BUT I CAN'T ESCAPE
FROM HERE UNLESS
I GET SOME
GAS!

GAS? WHAT
KIND OF
GAS?

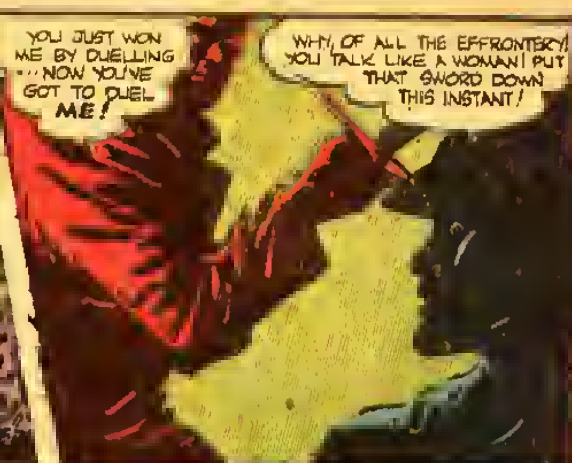


YOU MUST MEAN
THE GAS WE CLEAN
CLOTHES WITH...
THERE'S SOME IN
THE LAUNDRY!



YOU LUCKY
MAN, YOU! I
JUST WON
YOUR HAND
IN MARRIAGE!

YOU MAY NOT
BELIEVE THIS, SISTER,
BUT I'M IN NO MOOD
FOR GETTING
MARRIED!



YOU JUST WON
ME BY DUELLING
...NOW YOU'VE
GOT TO DUEL
ME!

WHY, OF ALL THE EFFRONTERY!
YOU TALK LIKE A WOMAN! PUT
THAT SWORD DOWN
THIS INSTANT!



STOP THIS NONSENSE!
I CAN'T DUEL A MERE
MAN! I DON'T UNDER-
STAND YOU AT ALL!
YOU DON'T ACT LIKE
OUR MEN!

I'M NOT ONE OF YOUR
MEN, AND IF YOU DON'T
HELP ME TO ESCAPE
BACK TO MY OWN WORLD
I'LL GIVE YOUR MEN
THE REAL LOW-
DOWN!... NOW GET
ME SOME GAS
OR ELSE...



INTIMIDATED BY JOHNNY'S THREAT, THE WOMAN
DECIDES TO HELP HIM...

RATHER THAN
HAVE YOU SPREAD
SILLY NOTIONS
AMONG OUR MEN
I'LL HELP YOU
GET BACK WHERE
YOU CAME FROM!

THAT'S
MORE LIKE
IT!



I STILL DON'T
UNDERSTAND HOW
THIS BUSGY OF
YOURS TAKES GAS.
OURS WORK ON
ELECTRONIC
ENERGY!

GUESS I BETTER NOT
TELL HER IT'S FOR THE
AIRPLANE. SHE'S NEVER
HEARD OF ONE!

THANKS FOR YOUR
HELP... AND SO
LONG!



Later...

I SUPPOSE ONCE I
GET BACK TO MY PLANE
AND ON MY WAY THIS
WILL ALL SEEM LIKE
SOME FANTASTIC FISH
STORY! STRANGE HOW
THERE CAN BE ANOTHER
CIVILIZATION WHERE IT
IS NATURAL FOR WOMEN
TO DOMINATE AND FOR
MEN TO BE SUB-
MISSIVE!

THE
END

KID WIZARDS

They WERE JUST A BUNCH OF KIDS WHO BUILT A CLUBHOUSE ON AN EMPTY LOT IN THEIR NEIGHBORHOOD... BUT WHAT'S A CLUB WITHOUT A MASCOT? SO RAGS, STRETCH, AND DICKIE WENT OUT IN SEARCH OF ONE—AND FOUND A REPUTATION AS THE 'KID WIZARDS' FOR THEMSELVES WHEN THEY LOOKED INTO THE STARTLING MYSTERY WHICH LAY HIDDEN IN...

"The EYES of the TIGER"

Story by
RICHARD MANN
Art by
BOB
LAWRENCE

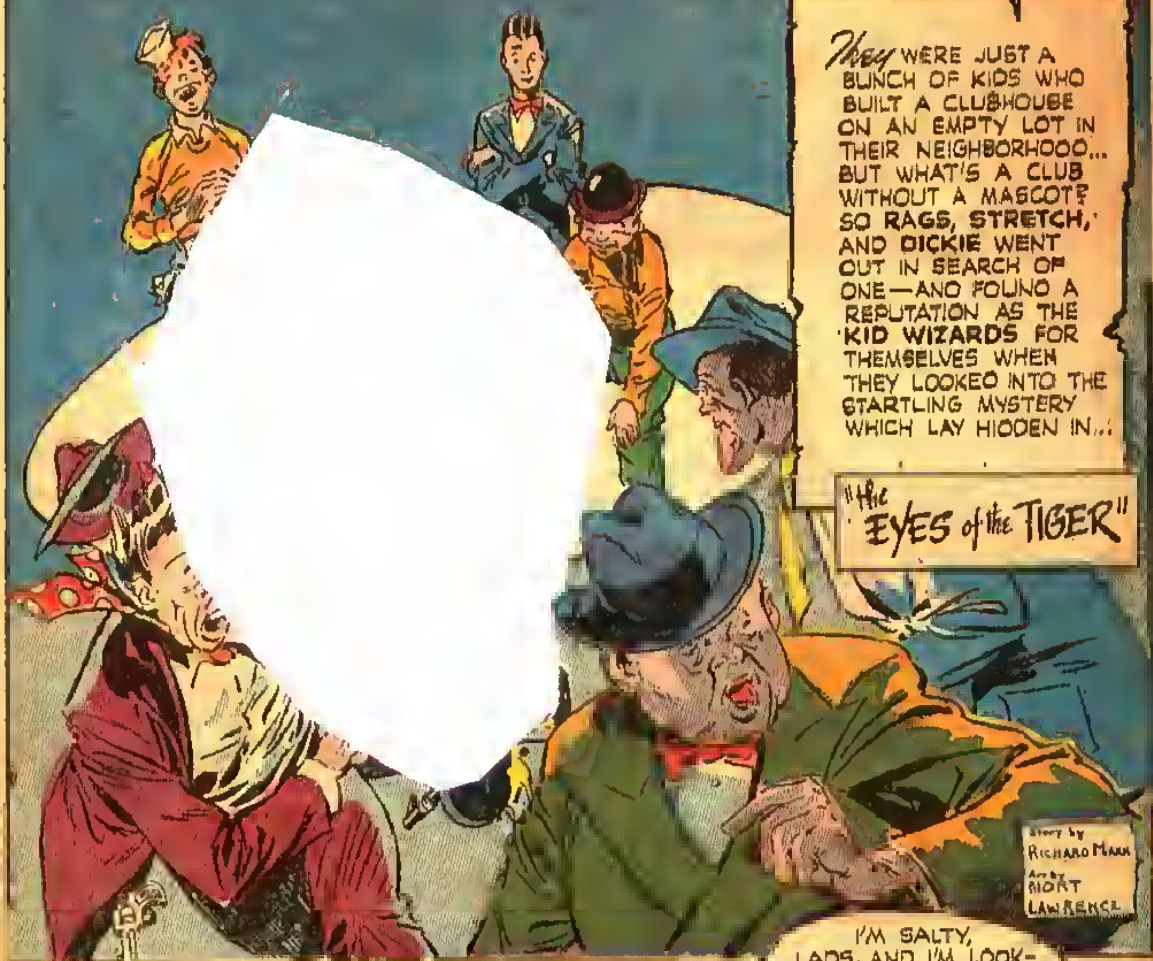
STRETCH, RAGS AND DICKIE WANDER TO THE WATERFRONT IN THEIR SEARCH FOR A CLUB MASCOT...

I'M AFRAID WE'RE GETTING NOWHERE LOOKING FOR A MASCOT AROUND HERE!

I'M DA GUY WOT'S AN EXPLOIT ON ANIMALS AND... HUH?

AHOY, MATES!

I'M SALTY, LADS, AND I'M LOOKING FOR A SNUG HARBOR TO REST MY WEARY BONES—BUT NONE OF THE BOARDING HOUSES WILL TAKE ME IN BECAUSE OF MY PET...SO—





- I WONDER IF YE BOYS KNOW WHERE I CAN STORE MY LITTLE PET FOR A SPELL?

OID YOUSE SAY PET? SOITINLY WE GOT A PLACE FOR DA LITTLE...



A FORTUNATE COINCIDENCE - GULP!

WE WAS OUT LOOKING FOR A PET FOR... ULP!



WE AIN'T GONNA ADOPT NO OVERGROWN CAT! DIS CAN DISTOIB ME NOIVES! IT'S-

HOLD ON, LAO! DROP YER ANCHOR - MY TIGER ISN'T GOING TO HURT YOU!



MAN A THAT IN TI

IT DO APPEAR VERY VA SALTY S A CURIO



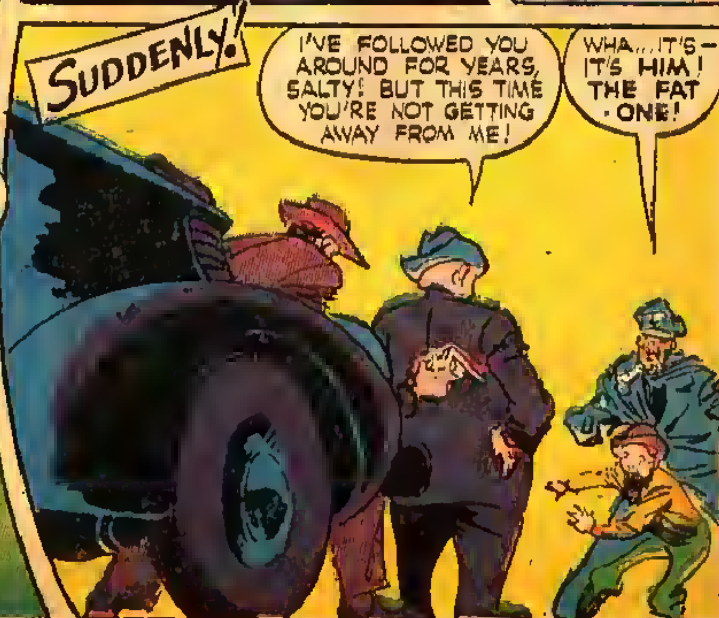
UE, EH? WELL, TIME HAVE 'G' VILLAINS REAL IT AYE, THERE'S E HIDDEN IN TIGER OR AE ISN'T SAM!

A...A TREASURE?



AYE, A TREASURE, THOUGH I NEVER COULD FIGURE OUT WHERE IT'S HID! I'LL BE HAPPY WHEN I'VE PUT MY TIGER UP SAFE IN YOUR CLUBHOUSE, LADS...

WELL, OA JOINT IS A LITTLE FOLDER DOWN OIS STREET...



SUDDENLY!

I'VE FOLLOWED YOU AROUND FOR YEARS, SALTY! BUT THIS TIME YOU'RE NOT GETTING AWAY FROM ME!

WHA...IT'S - IT'S HIM! THE FAT ONE!

YOU'VE HAD YOUR CHANCE TO FIND OUT ABOUT THE TIGER'S TREASURE—NOW IT'S MY TURN!

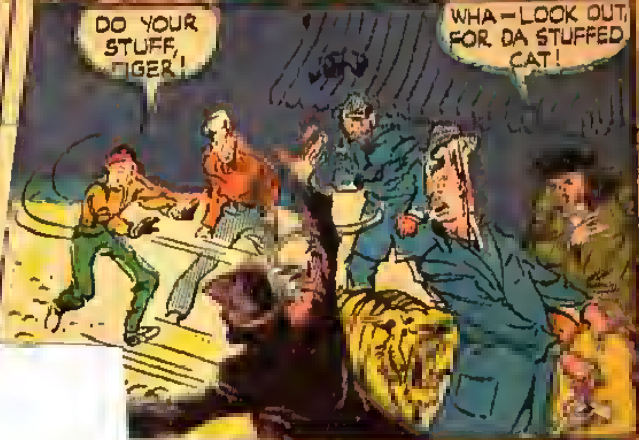
I CAN'T LET DESE BUMS GET AWAY WIT DIS! AND DIS IS WHERE DA TIGER IS GONNA OIN A REPUTATION!



RAGE DECIDES TO PUSH MATTERS TO A CLIMAX!

DO YOUR STUFF, TIGER!

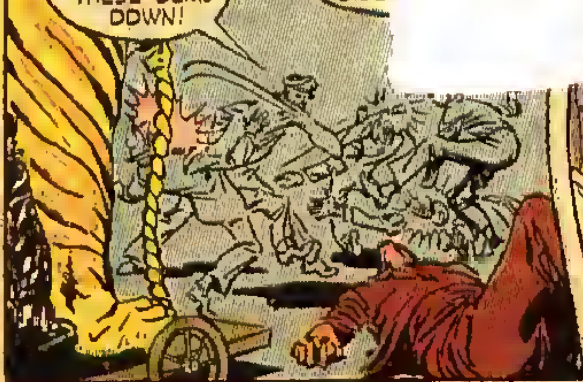
WHA—LOOK OUT, FOR DA STUFFED CAT!



WITH THE GUN-MEN OFF-GU BOYS SWING INTO ACT

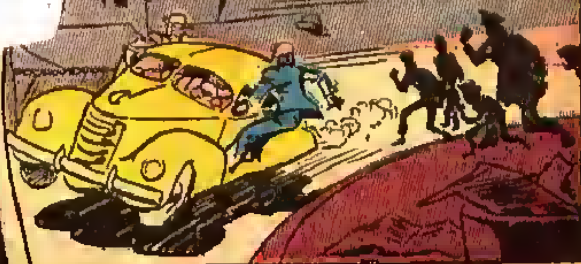
HEAVE-HO, LADS! BLOW THESE BUMS DOWN!

AND THEM-SIDE!



I'M NOT THROUGH WITH YOU YET, SALTY SAM! I'LL BE BACK!

AYE, AND I FEAR HE WILL BE BACK. BUT LET'S GET TO YOUR CLUBHOUSE, LADS!



SOON AFTER...IN THE CLUBHOUSE...

IT IS OBVIOUS THAT THIS OLD TIGER HAS SOMETHING OF GREAT VALUE—OTHERWISE THAT FAT ONE WOULD NOT HAVE BEEN TRYING TO STEAL IT FROM YOU!

AYE—AND HE HAS FOLLOWED ME AROUND THE WORLO!



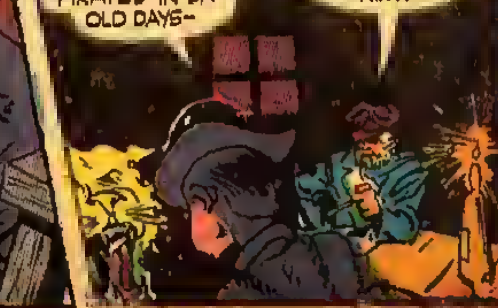
I'VE LOOKED IT OVER AGAIN AND AGAIN—BUT I'LL BE A SEA-COOKED MONKEY IF I CAN FIGURE IT OUT!

MAYBE WE CAN FIGURE IT OUT FOR HIM...MMM...WHAT CAN BE HIDDEN IN THIS MOTH-EATEN TIGER?



I GOT IT! MAYBE DERE'S GOLD STUFFED INTO DA TIGER'S HIDE! MAYBE PIRATES IN DA OLD DAYS—

I'VE SEARCHED THIS TIGER WELL. THERE'S NO GOLD HIDDEN IN HIM!





NO, GOLD WOULDN'T BE HIDDEN IN IT! WHATEVER IT IS MUST BE VERY SMALL AND VALUABLE. NOW WHAT'S THE MOST VALUABLE THING THAT COMES IN SMALL-

RUBIES, MAYBE...OR DIAMONDS!



IT'S DIAMONDS, OF COURSE!

AND THEY MAY BE PLACED RIGHT BEFORE OUR EYES!

WELL, BLOW ME DOWN! THAT'S WHAT IT MUST BE!



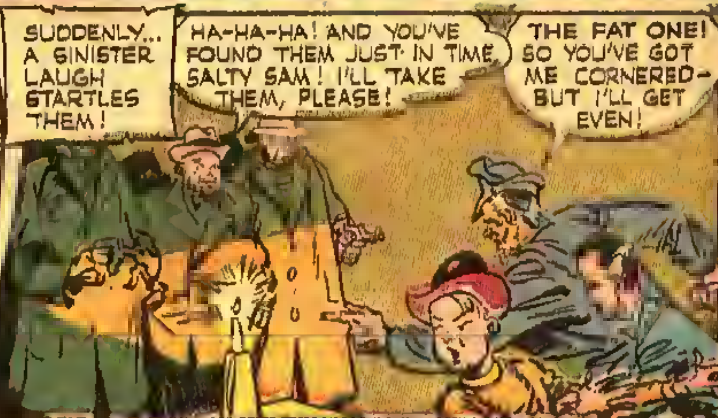
YOUSE HIT DA NAIL RIGHT ON DA HEAD, DICKIE! IT'S DA TIGER'S EYES! GET 'EM, STRETCH!

BE CAREFUL, LADI! THOSE DIAMOND EYES ARE WORTH A FORTUNE!



TO TINK DEM CROOKS WUZ AFTER DESE ROCKS! JUST LOOKING AT DEM KNOCKS DA WIND OUTA ME!

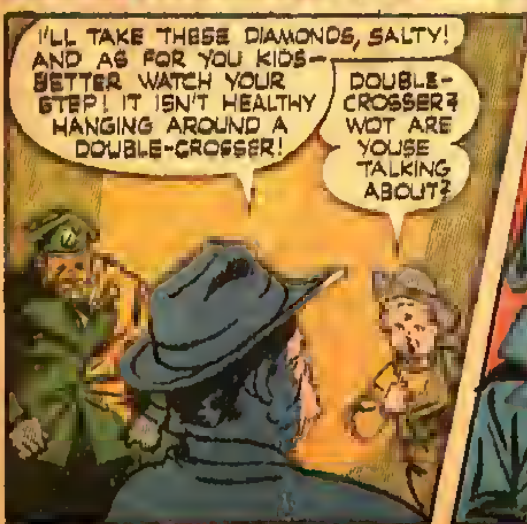
WELL, I'LL BE HORN-SWOGGLED! I FINALLY FOUND THE DIAMONDS THE FAT ONE WAS AFTER!



SUDDENLY... A GINISTER LAUGH STARTLES THEM!

HA-HA-HA! AND YOU'VE FOUND THEM JUST IN TIME, SALTY SAM! I'LL TAKE THEM, PLEASE!

THE FAT ONE! SO YOU'VE GOT ME CORNERED-BUT I'LL GET EVEN!



I'LL TAKE THESE DIAMONDS, SALTY! AND AS FOR YOU KIDS-BETTER WATCH YOUR STEP! IT ISN'T HEALTHY HANGING AROUND A DOUBLE-CROSSER!

DOUBLE-CROSSER? WOT ARE YOUSE TALKING ABOUT?



I'M TALKING ABOUT SALTY SAM, THE SMUGGLER! MY MEN IN EUROPE HIRED HIM TO SMUGGLE THESE DIAMONDS INTO THE U.S. IT'S A GOOD THING THEY HID THEM SO WELL THAT EVEN I WOULD HAVE HAD A TOUGH JOB FINDING THEM!



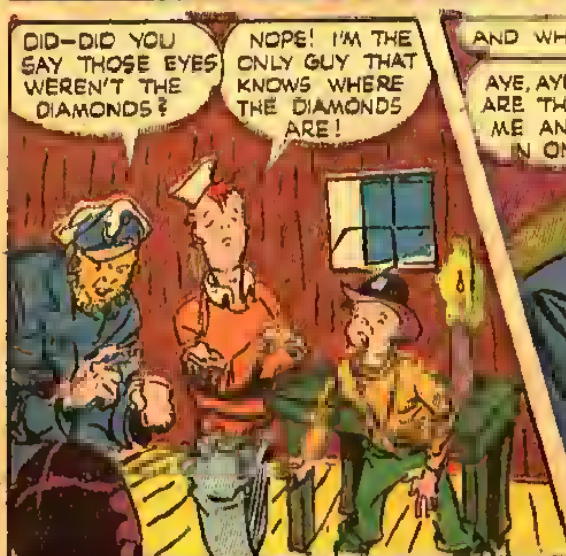
SO LONG, AND
THANKS FOR FINDING
THESE DIAMONDS FOR
ME. HAVEN'T GOT TIME
TO TALK ANY MORE
WITH YOU BOYS!

PSSST! GRAB DA
GUY AS SOON AS
HE TOINS!



BUT DA BUM IS GETTING AWAY! HAVE
YOUSE GONE NUTS, STRETCH? LEMME
AT 'IM! I'LL MODER-

TAKE IT EASY,
RAGS! HE AIN'T GOT THE
DIAMONDS!



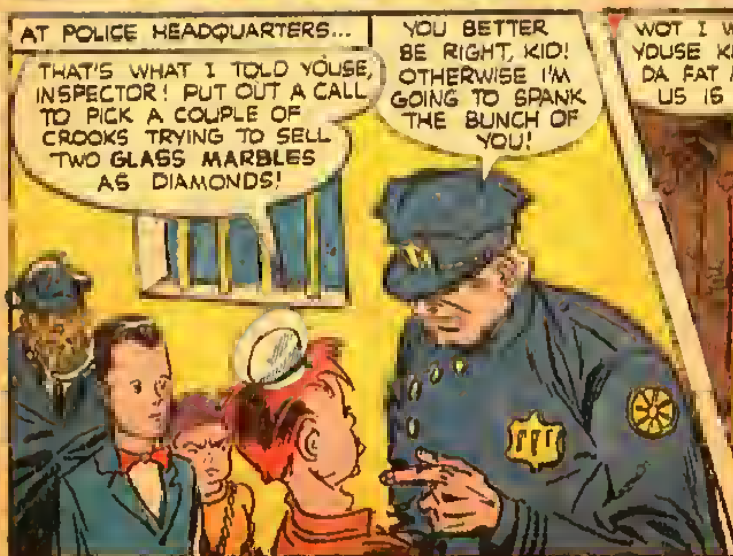
DID-DID YOU
SAY THOSE EYES
WEREN'T THE
DIAMONDS?

NOPE! I'M THE
ONLY GUY THAT
KNOWS WHERE
THE DIAMONDS
ARE!

AND WHAT'S MORE—I'M GONNA TIP OFF THE COPS ON
HOW TO TRAP THE FAT
GUY AND HIS SMUGGLING
GANG!

AYE, AYE, LAD! WHERE
ARE THE DIAMONDS? TELL
ME AND I'LL CUT YE BOYS
IN ON A SHARE!

LET'S GO
TO THE
COPPERB!



AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS...

THAT'S WHAT I TOLD YOUSE,
INSPECTOR! PUT OUT A CALL
TO PICK A COUPLE OF
CROOKS TRYING TO SELL
TWO GLASS MARBLES
AS DIAMONDS!

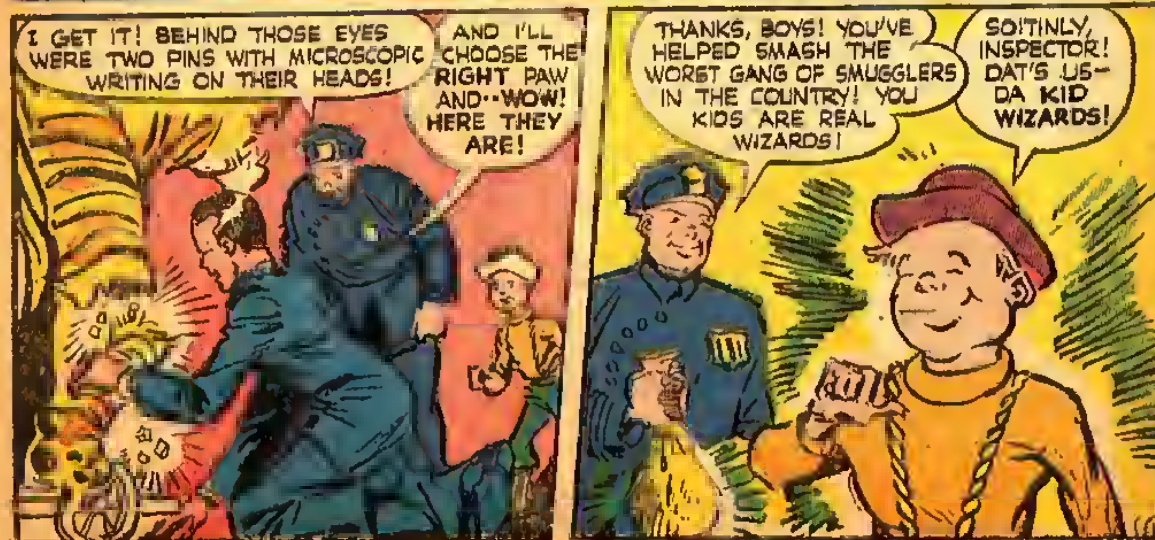
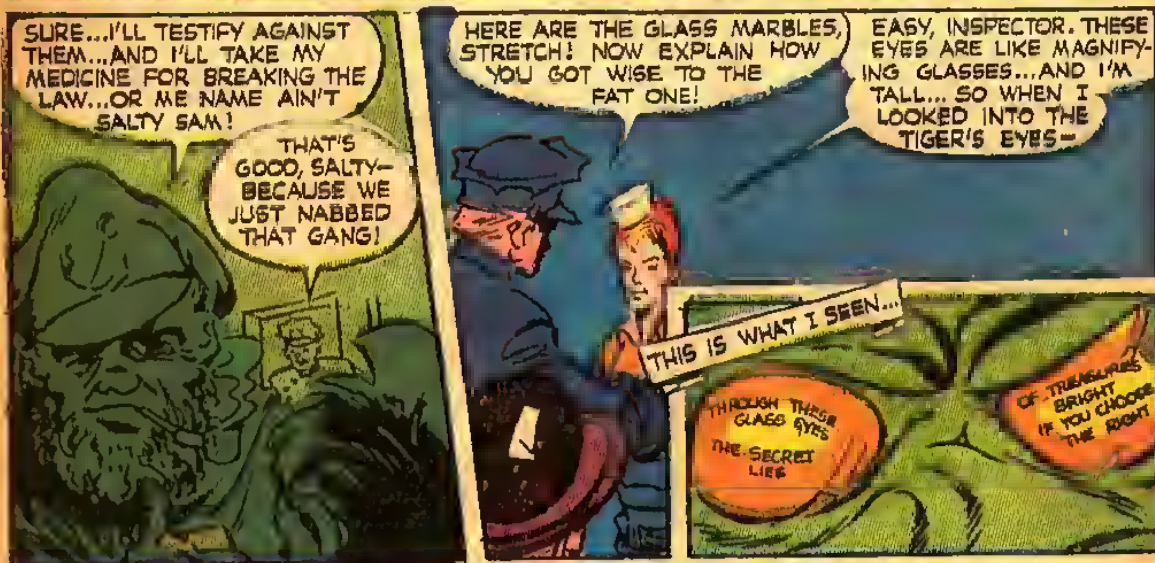
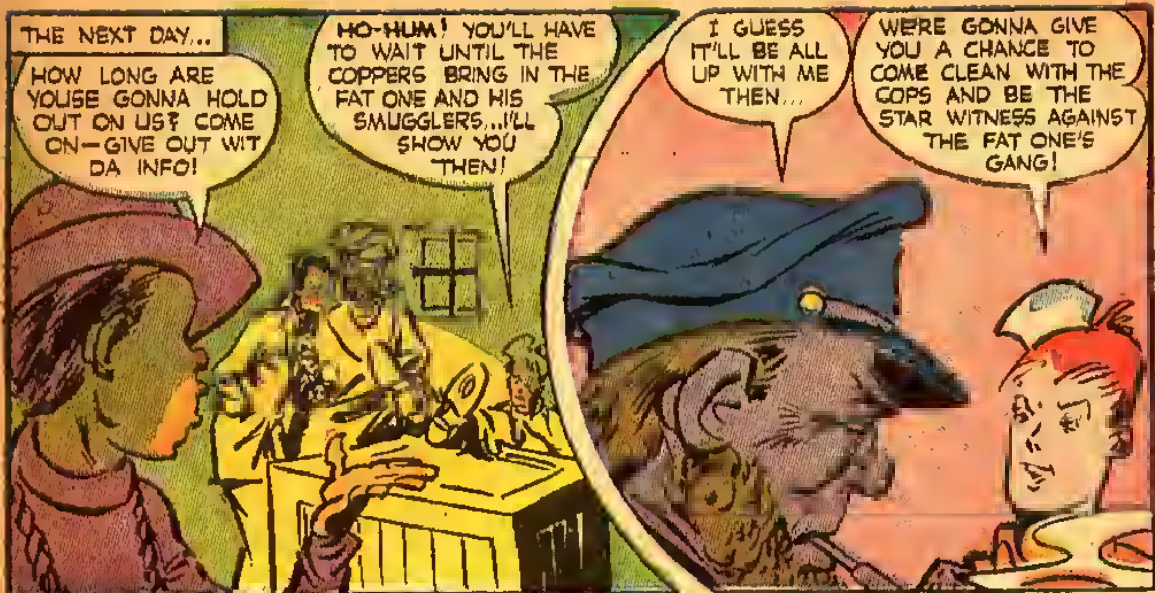
YOU BETTER
BE RIGHT, KID!
OTHERWISE I'M
GOING TO SPANK
THE BUNCH OF
YOU!



WOT I WANNA KNOW IS HOW
YOUSE KNOW DEM DIAMONDS,
DA FAT MUG SWIPED FROM
US IS NUTTIN' BUT
GLASS!

HO-HUM... IT'S
BECAUSE OF MY
HEIGHT! BEING-
TALL AND SKINNY
ISN'T SO BAD
AFTER ALL!

P.D.



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American
Boy and Girl!**

Mothers and Dads

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AND
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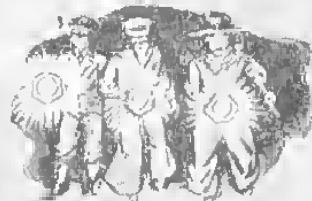
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GIVE SIGNALS IN THE DARK



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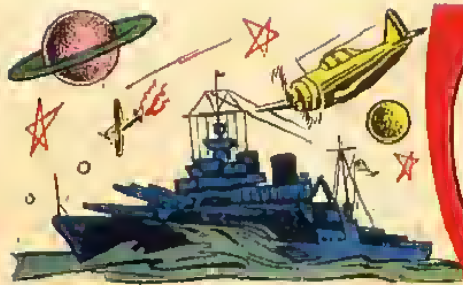
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MONEY**

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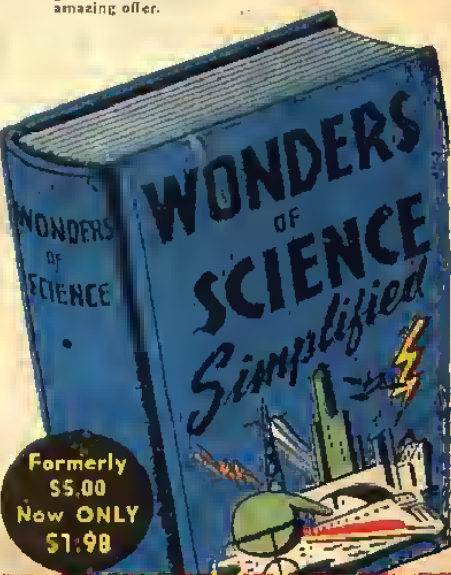
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